

The Historie of

Thou hast redeemd thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O God, they did me too much iniurie,
That euer sayd, I harkened to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

Kin. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to *S. Nicholas Gawsey.* *Exit K.*

Enter Hoispur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth?*

Prin. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

Hrin. Why then I see a very valiant Rebelle of that name.

I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

Hot. Now shall it *Harry*, for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Crest
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said *Hal*, to it *Hal*. Nay, you shall find no Boyes
play here, I can tell you.

*Enter Douglas, he fights with Falstaffe, he falls downe as
if he were dead, the Prince killeth Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast robd me of my youth,
I better broke the losse of brittle Life,
Then those proud Titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:

But

Henry the fou

But thought's the slaue of life, and
And time, that takes suruay of all
Must haue a stop. O, I could prop
But that the Earth, and cold hand
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou
And food for

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy*.
Ill weau'd Ambition, how much a
When that this body did contain
A Kingdome for it, was too small
But now two paces of the vilest Ea
Is roome enough: this Earth that
Beares not aloue so stout a Gentler
If thou wert sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a shew
But let my fauours hide thy mang
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thank
For doing these faire rites of rend
Adieu, and take thy prayse with t
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in t
But not remembred in thy Epitaph

He spieth Falstaffe on the
What, old acquaintance, could n
Keepe in a litle life? poore *Iacke*
I could haue better spard a better
O, I should haue a heauy misse of
If I were much in loue with vani
Death hath not strooke so faire a
Though many dearer in this bloo
Imboweld will I see thee by and
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy*

Falstaffe ryse
Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbo
leauet to powder me, and eate me
time to counterfeite, or that hot
scot and lot too. Counterfeite? I
be a counterfeite, for he is but th
hath not the life of a man: but to

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